



Volume 4 Number 3
DECEMBER, 1913

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The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 4

YPSILANTI, MICH., DECEMBER, 1913

No. 3

L I T E R A R Y

The Minor Chord

It was Christmas eve. The air was cold and raw, and the streets slippery from the sleet that had fallen the latter part of the afternoon.

Already the great avenues were ablaze with thousands of lights and roaring with the clang of the heavy traffic. Hundreds of people darted here and there with mysterious packages under their arms, doing their last shopping before the morrow.

High up in one of the tenements in the poorer district, Lutric Vonstrobrel paced the floor in his little room. Taking his violin down from where it was hanging, he wiped the dust off. It was the first time he had touched it, since that fateful night, six weeks before, when he had failed before thousands of people.

He had been the great soloist of one of the large symphony orchestras, who were playing in a season's engagement in one of the large music halls. On the opening night he had made his way to the hall, and during his solo, had stopped abruptly. The notes had completely left his mind. He had forgotten; and in the thousands of faces before him, he could see the word "failure." He had left the stage only to be told, as he passed the director, that his services were no longer needed. Then sadly he had passed into the street and to the tenement, wearily climbing the steps to his attic. Thrusting his violin into a corner he had thrown himself into a chair, where he had sat dazed and heartbroken the rest of the night.

But tonight as he tenderly picked up the instrument, the past was forgotten. Taking

out his large, old-fashioned watch, he looked at it. He had just time to reach the music hall before the curtain arose.

Slipping into his old coat, he turned up the worn collar to keep out the cold, and taking the violin, he made his way down the steep and dark stairs, to the icy streets.

Gaining entrance at the stage door, he walked through the ante-room to the stage, where the tuning of the instruments could be heard. As he passed through the door, he was stopped by McMaster, the director.

"What, Vonstrobrel? You here? What does this mean?"

"To play," was the reply.

"To play," McMaster echoed. "Is it possible?" He thought the old man must be losing his mind. Surely he had not forgotten he was no longer a member of the company.

He turned quickly to Vonstrobrel. "Go into the office. I will be with you in a moment."

"Poor old man," he said to himself as he watched Vonstrobrel totter weakly across the stage.

"He certainly has great talent and I only wish I had not been so hasty and could give him another chance." Hurrying to see if everything was ready, he came upon a member of the company, who was looking for him.

"Word has just been received from Laurens that he will be unable to play tonight. The hall is full of people eagerly waiting for him."

"Can't be helped," McMaster replied gruffly, "will have to explain it some way."

"But why not?" he thought, when the man had left him, "people would not know, they

have never seen L  urens." He ran down the corridor to the office where he found his man waiting.

"Vonstrob  l, are you in practice?" McMaster noticed the flush creep up on his pale cheeks.

"Yes, sir," came the slow answer.

"Then play the solo part of 'Saint Saeris'; you know the piece," and gripping the old man's hand in his, he said, "Play, Vonstrob  l, as you have never played before. Look over this music and take your accustomed place. It is time now."

The curtain rose for the opening of the great symphony. The next number was Saint Saeris.

Vonstrob  l got to his feet and taking his place at the front of the stage, lifted his instrument tenderly into position, while he waited the prelude by the orchestra. Then came the low, sweet, wailing notes of the wonderful theme.

Forgetful of everything around him, he threw his whole soul into the composition. During the great climax, the hall echoed with the clang of the kettle drums, then as these strains died away in the distance, there arose

the soft, low strains of the wood-wind instruments and the violin.

The great house was spellbound, and for a moment not a sound was heard. Then applause burst forth. After acknowledging this, Vonstrob  l slipped away under cover of the music.

Tonight was a different home-coming to the lonely man—this time in triumph, where before his heart had been filled with sorrow. But hardship and hunger had left their traces on him, and staggering across the room, he sank wearily into the chair, his faithful friend, the violin, clasped close to his breast.

Christmas day had dawned clear and bright, when McMaster came to his lodging with a contract for the rest of the season's engagements for Vonstrob  l to sign.

Receiving no answer to his knock, he pushed the door open, and found the old man still in the chair where he had dropped the night before, with a faint smile on his pale face, and still clasping his violin.

The minor chord had been changed to a major, as the life of the great musician had gone out with the first rays of that Christmas morn.
E. KISHLAR.

The Christmas Box

It was a bright, cheerful morning. The snow sparkled like gems upon the boughs of a tall stately pine, as they flapped continually against my bedroom window. Silently I watched this mass of gleaming weather, wondering at its beauty, and considering how generous God is, in bestowing upon us this wonderful gift, the sight of whose shining purity, lightens many a discouraged heart even as I then felt my own rise in glad thanksgiving.

I glanced at the calendar; it was the twenty-fourth day of December. A vague dissatisfaction was upon me. I longed for adventure. Adventure! Yes, that is what I craved, and quickly garbing myself in street dress, hurried forth to seek it.

I was at the front door just in time to receive the mail from the postman. He nodded a pleasant "Good morning," placed a single letter in my hand, and descended the steps, leaving me gazing at the postmark on an

envelope addressed to my own distinguished self, "Miss Sallie Harthammer." It did not take me long to recognize the name of my birthplace and my sister Sue's handwriting. Hastily I tore open the seal, and continued:

Stony Creek, Dec. 23, 1905

Dear Sallie:—

I realize that my invitation comes late, but it is my wish that you spend Christmas with me. I feel sure you will receive my missive in time, and that you will not disappoint me. Therefore I have told Tom to meet you at the station. Will expect you on the evening of the twenty-fourth. In haste, SUE.

"Disappoint her?" With all possible speed, I flew up the stairs, merely pausing for breath, before rushing into my room. Dragging my suitcase from the clothespress, I quickly packed it; then going into the other room of my apartment, which served at once as kitchen, dining-room and parlor, I opened the chest containing my fruit, and noticed the dainties which I had

been preparing for my Christmas feast. Why not make up a box, and give it to some individual less lucky than myself, thus making another happy? No sooner said than done.

After locking my rooms, and carefully putting the key in my handbag, I once more descended the steps; and having gained the street, turned to my right and hurried toward the depot, suitcase and handbag in one hand the precious box in the other.

I looked at the newsboys, crying their papers, and it did not seem right to expect them to carry a large heavy box, in addition to their other burden, so I wandered along until I saw a poor-looking old woman in a news-booth.

"She is thrifty," I thought, "and would be pleased with the present."

"I'd like to give you this," I said, resting the box on some papers, "It's some food—nice bits of cold chicken, eggs, etc."

She glared at me.

"Bits of food, is it?" she exclaimed, "broken bits ye're offering me! Well, ye may be takin' them back! Nobody need dole out food to Bridget Molly! I takes nobody's charity! I earns me honest living! More shame to thim that don't!"

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend you," I cried, "it's a very nice luncheon I'm offering you."

But Mrs. Molly would have none of it. Feeling a little angry, I picked up the box and started on. Surely it would be easy to find someone a little more reasonable than this old newswoman. At last I came across a ragged lad, leaning against a high board fence and shivering with the cold.

"Poor little fellow," I thought, "I've no doubt he's hungry" Then I said, "Good morning, little boy. Are you one of a large family?"

He looked at me suspiciously, and in a thin little voice, replied. "Ten brudders and sisters, and me fadder is sick and me mudder out o' work."

"Oh, you poor child!" I exclaimed as he

held out his hand, as if for money. I handed him the box. "You're just the boy I'm looking for. Here is a box of food for you and your brothers and sisters."

The hand was quickly withdrawn, and its owner winked rudely at me.

"Aw, gwan! Quit yer kiddin," was the retort.

"I don't know what you mean," I responded, and couldn't help laughing at the impudent little fellow. "The food is good."

"Good fer nothin'; take it away, lady. I wouldn't swap yer me college pin fer it."

I was tempted to throw the object of his scorn away, but the thought of the dainty morsels being wasted, was so disappointing that I resolved to try once more.

A poor-looking man came towards me, and I stopped him.

"Wouldn't you like a nice box of food to take home with you?"

"Do you mean to give it to me," he asked in a threatening tone. I thought quickly. Here was another who would take offense. I decided to sell it.

"No," I stammered, "I mean to sell it to you for ten cents."

He looked at me in a strange way.

"Have you a license to sell things on the street?"

"No—o," I gasped.

"Well, then take your valuable box and go, or I'll call the police."

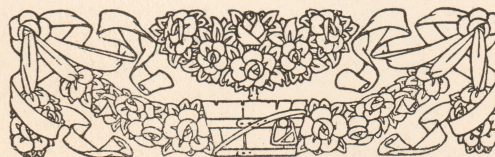
Straightaway I decided to toss it away, but the sight of a cat in a nearby alley saved me from this recklessness.

"Here, Kitty, Kitty," I called.

Immediately I was surrounded by the whole cat family.

Tearing open the box I threw it to them. Here at last my gift was being appreciated. Then comforted by the thought that I had given some joy at Christmastide, and having had enough adventures for one day, I rushed to the depot, just in time to catch my train.

M. MURPHY, '14.



The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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Editorials

POINT OF SATURATION

There has always been a question as to which is more difficult to bear, adversity or success. This sounds queer at first probably. Perhaps we had never thought of success as requiring any bearing, indeed, this is the way in which we naturally see it, at first. But let us think it over. To bear success does not mean merely to endure prosperity. It means to prosper without becoming conceited. It means to receive no detriment from praise. Here in school it means to be able to take commendation from our teachers without allowing ourselves to backslide on the strength of the praise. We often see the idea worked out.

A fellow is commended for good work on Tuesday. On Wednesday he is a failure. Laboring under the hallucination that Tuesday's praise exempted him from any obligation to apply himself on Wednesday, he neglected his studies, with the natural result. When we have received all the praise we can bear without injury, we have reached the "point of saturation," as one of our teachers has aptly put it, and any further commendation will have the effect of precipitating, or throwing down, the good already done, just as in a saturated solution of sugar and water, all the sugar is precipitated, or crystallized and separated from the water, upon the addition of the one grain necessary to produce supersaturation. The point of saturation is higher in some than in others; that is, one student can bear more praise, uninjured, than another. Now we all rejoice in commendation; in approval. It is for these things that we strive, and without them we would have little for which to live. But we cannot expect to receive them, if their effect upon us is so markedly deleterious that the teacher is compelled to say never again. Therefore it is up to us to see that our point of saturation is high.

—:o:—

ON THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

New interest has been created in the House of Representatives by the formation of two opposing parties, one, with P. D. Boyce at its head, known to the world as the Republican Party, and the other, with Glenn Smith as its leader, the Popular. The two leaders chose up and following are their respective choices:

Republican—Boyce, Georgia; Bassett, Delaware; Brown, Utah; Davis, Massachusetts; Eddy, Vermont; Freeman, Michigan; Gale, Oklahoma; Gorton, New Hampshire; Horner, Tennessee; Lurkins, Montana; L. Miller, Kansas; J. Miller, Indiana; Sparling, Kentucky.

Popular—Smith; Hubbard, West Virginia; Gilmore, California; Moran; Fletcher, New York; Augustus, Texas; James; Maulbetsch; Hopkins, Florida; Coe, Mississippi; Richards; Wilber; Platt; Sherzer.

It is expected that a good deal of rivalry will spring up between the two parties, and, indeed, the first meeting under the new system lasted nearly twice as long as those before its adoption. The carrying of this rivalry too far, however, is to be avoided. It must not be allowed to creep outside of the House, and

influence our dealings in school. When personal strife becomes the result of this movement, it will be time for the House to disband, therefore let us guard against overdoing it.

The new arrangement gives many an opportunity for strategem on the part of the opposing parties. A good knowledge of parliamentary practice is absolutely essential, though, and the fellows are out for all the experience to be had in this line. It was Davis, if we remember correctly, who applied for a job calling rolls at the Bismarck, and several of the other fellows spend all their time in school out of order, this being the most easily acquired phase of parliamentary practise. Then there's that report that somehow became circulated, to the effect that when two of Gorton's creditors called, on a little business errand, they found him occupied in ascertaining the most graceful manner of laying on the table. We cannot vouch for the veracity of this statement, since unsuccessful collectors often spread unkind rumors concerning their unfortunate victims. The fact remains, that the creation of rival parties in the House has generated renewed interest among the fellows, and having proved our point, we close with those stirring words from Homer's Iddyseu: "%||#X?!=!x7—..,"

—————:o:—————

BOOSTERS' CLUB

Under the heading of "School News" appears an announcement concerning the organization of a new club in high school. Now in order that it may not be said that these new societies are all fads, it is not out of place to explain the purposes of this new one, known as the "Boosters' Club."

The Booster's Club is the next thing to a Student Council. Its chief aim is to promote and encourage school spirit. It will convene at irregular intervals to discuss matters up for consideration. Its members are the representative element in high school, since the requirements for eligibility are membership in the House, the Y, and the Athletic Association. The members at present number about thirty, of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, and it may easily be seen that when this number of representative fellows back any high school undertaking, the enterprise is pretty sure to go through. Mr. Hull hopes in time to work the club up into a student council,

but this will take time, and its practicability will have to be proven first.

The list of members will appear next month.

—————:o:—————

"There is no person in this school who should not do his part in order to make the Sem "The Best On Earth." It is every student's duty to send in contributions and to boost in every way. This is your paper. Get busy. There is one department to which all are able to contribute. There are scores of incidents, accidents, and jokes, occurring in and out of school, which go unpenned. There is no talent or genius necessary to hand these in. The great trouble seems to be either thoughtlessness or laziness. Merely because these things are not required by the faculty is no reason why they should not be done. If nothing of yours has so far been printed, don't knock. Either find out what was wrong with it and profit by suggestions, or go to it and get up something better, something so good they'll have to put it in. Make it your ambition to get something in print, not only literary, but artistic also. Then when you have succeeded, don't rest on your laurels. If you have ability and don't use it, you lose a fine opportunity for developing your resources. Will you be like the athlete who says, "It's too much like work."

Remember, this is YOUR paper.

It's up to you.

Why not?

—————:o:—————

EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges for this month and hope to have a larger number on our shelves next month:

- The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Calif.
- The Student, Central High, Detroit, Mich.
- The Tatler, Marquette High School.
- The X-Rays, East H. S., Columbus, O.
- The Beacon, Western H. S., Detroit, Mich.
- The Messenger, Durham H. S.
- The College Chronicle, N. W. College, Naperville, Ill.
- The Orange and Black Coalings H. S., Calif.
- The Dynamo, Tech. H. S., Newton, Mass.
- The Kalamazoo Normal Record, Kalamazoo, Mich.
- Hillsdale Collegian, Hillsdale, Mich.
- The Weekly Index, Forest Grove, Oregon.

School News

Lillian Leeson has been absent from school from the first of November until after the Thanksgiving recess on account of an operation she had for appendicitis.

Marie Kennedy was absent from school Nov. 12th and 13th on account of the death of her grandmother.

Phoebe Jefferson has been absent from school two weeks in November on account of tonsillitis.

Eloise Kelly, a former student of the Ypsilanti high school was married about the 31st of October to a Mr. Foster of Detroit.

Algernon Richards and Manning James were hunting rabbits, Nov. 1st, at Portage Lake. Ten rabbits were secured in all, nine by Richards and the remainder by James.

Adelaide Cole was absent two days of the second week in November on account of sickness.

Dorothy Colvan, a member of the senior class, has moved to Chicago.

Guy Robinson has discontinued school for a while and gone deer hunting at Au Sable.

Wayne Burton, Philip Boyce, Jerome Sherzer, Lester Miller and Russell Reader were among those of the high school who attended the Michigan-Pennsy game Nov. 15.

Marna Hatch was absent from school Nov. 17th on account of sickness.

Barbara, Phoebe, and Theodora Jefferson were absent from school on account of the death of their mother, who had been sick for some time.

Ruth Clikeman left Friday, Nov. 14th, for Rochester, Michigan, where she will now live.

Roy Bird broke his shoulder blade in football scrimmage.

Dale Wilbur received a broken nose in the football game with Plymouth.

Gard Miller was absent from school Nov. 4th to 8th owing to the death of his mother.

One noon about the first of November a bunch of fellows met in Mr. Hall's office at his request, to see what they thought of a boosters club, that is, a bunch of fellows that belonged to the Y. M. C. A., House of Athletic association and other high school organizations should belong to this club and boost every thing in the way of high school affairs from a football game to a party. All of the fellows

present were in favor of the club and a committee was appointed by Mr. Hull to draft a constitution. No special time was designated for meetings but they would be called whenever it was thought necessary. This club will tend to raise more enthusiasm and to see that parties and other affairs are even greater successes than they have been in the past.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, OCT. 28

The meeting was called to order by the speaker, and after the roll call, the minutes of the last meeting were read and the reports of the committees were heard. The arrangement of the new seating chart, was then announced by the assistant clerk. Rep. Davis was called to the chair and House bill No. 38 was debated upon and lost. House Bills No. 40 and 41 were introduced by Representatives Fletcher and Augustus respectively. The question of parties in the House was discussed and it was decided that there should be two parties, a majority party, of which the speaker should be the leader, and the minority party. Representative Smith was chosen leader of the minority party. The House then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, NOV. 11

The meeting was called to order by the speaker and the minutes of the last were read by the clerk and approved. After the roll call by the assistant clerk, the reports of the committees were heard. Representative Maubetsch of the membership committee presented the names of H. Augustus, Ponton and Paul Smith. These men were admitted to membership. Davis of the Bills committee reported Fletcher's and Augustus' bills first class and that the latter's bill would be debated upon that evening, the former's to be debated upon at the next meeting. Richards of the committee on foreign affairs reported that action had been taken to join the National Associated House of Representatives.

Gorton announced the debaters for the next meeting as follows: Affirmative, Fletcher, Moran; negative, Sparling and Gorton. Lurkins of the chairmanship committee gave the names of Wilbur and Bassett as candidates for the chairmanship of the committee of the

whole. A vote was taken and Wilbur was elected.

The debaters for the evening were as follows: Affirmative, Augustus and Platt; negative, Davis and Gale. House Bill No. 41, on the Intervention in Mexico by the U. S. was then debated on. After a general discussion Boyce then moved that the House report favorably upon the bill. The motion was carried. A vote was then taken and the bill carried.

After a talk by Mr. Hull about carrying the rivalry between the two parties too far, the meeting adjourned.

P. L. S.

The Philomathean Literary society has started with a rush this year, swooping down upon new members and receiving their names for membership before they had had time to recuperate from the change made in the marking system.

A reception was given for the new members on the 19th of October. This reception was in nature a Hollowe'en party. The decorations for the library were appropriate to the occasion and one special feature of the evening was a fortune teller. The faculty, who were all present, pushed everything else aside in order that they might have their fortunes told.

After everyone had learned what was to become of them later in life, all turned to the present and were served cider, doughnuts, apples, candy and popcorn. The rest of the evening was spent in playing games and having a jolly good time.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been meeting every two weeks this fall and have been addressed by some member of the Normal faculty or our own faculty.

The meetings which was held Nov. 19th was addressed by Miss Laird on Christian Societies in Germany.

Some time this fall, Miss Lucy Pearson, the Y. W. C. A. field secretary, from Chicago, will give a talk before the high school and Normal Y. W. C. A.'s at the Starkweather hall.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

A reception for the Freshmen given by the three upper classes and the faculty was held

in the chapel on the night of Nov. 7th at 7:30 o'clock. Upon gaining admittance to the chapel each one was given a slip of paper upon which was a number.

The first thing on the program was a musical feature by Miss Wardroper and Miss Corey. Miss Dawson and Miss Green each sang a solo and were heartily encored. Then Mr. Augustus and Mr. Jesse Miller played a few selections upon their violins.

The next thing on the program was a football game between the high school team and the Freshmen. This contest was very exciting and immediately after the game pineapple ice was served. At this point the slips with the number came in, everyone holding numbers up to thirty-five ate first, then after the first thirty-five had filled themselves as nearly their capacity as their politeness would allow, another thirty-five were admitted and this was kept up until every one had had at least one dish of ice and an unlimited supply of wafers.

After the refreshments, everyone who was able, lifted his voice, and after a few minor preliminaries about getting on the key, launched forth into one of the popular songs of the day. At the end every one agreed that the choir didn't have anything over them in the way of numbers and staying on the key. At this period the football players were sent home after a few wig-waggings with some young ladies among those present. A short time after this the whole assembly broke up after a very jolly evening.

Y. M. C. A.

At Y. M. C. A. meeting held October 23 Dr. Ford, of the Normal college, gave a talk upon his tramp in the island of Corsica. A few years ago Dr. Ford made arrangements with a gentleman in Germany to take a tramp in Corsica. He talked for a few moments about the winter resorts along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea and as this was about the Fourth of July they were all boarded up as in that country the resorts are open only in winter. Upon reaching the island they went to the birthplace of Napoleon and saw the font where he was baptised. After visiting other historical spots they set out for the rural districts and there Dr. Ford ascended one of the high peaks of the island. They were entertained by the natives with stories of the brigands who in-

fested the island at an earlier date.

After the splendid talk it was decided that the next meeting would be a banquet, served in Mr. Ross' room.

Y. M. C. A.

The meeting of the Y. M. C. A. held the sixth of November was not a business meeting but a "feed" held at the high school in the rooms of Mr. Ross. The menu was as follows: Scaloped potatoes, beans, rolls, frankfurts, pickles and coffee. After the appetite of every one had diminished somewhat, Mr. Hamilton gave a talk upon Germany. He told some very interesting and amusing things about their customs and laws. Mr. Hull, Mr. Arbaugh and Mr. Wood knowing nothing of the country of Germany, having never crossed the Atlantic, talked upon other subjects.

There were about forty-five present in all and everyone was of the belief that this was the best "feed" and group of short talks ever given by the "Y".

The next meeting will be in two weeks, and at that time representatives from the "Y" will be elected to go to the "Older Boys' Conference" to be held at Saginaw.

THE LIBRARY

The following are some of the new books which have been ordered:

Addams—The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets.

Addams—Twenty Years at Hull House.

Alcott—Little Women (Players' edition).

Antin—The Promised Land (duplicate copy).

Bailey—Principles of Agriculture.

Barrie—Peter Pan.

Benson—From a College Window.

Bishop—Panama, Past and Present.

Burney—Evelina.

Cambridge Modern History, vol. 7, The United States.

Catlin—The Boys' Catlin.

Conn—Bacteria, Yeasts, and Molds in the Home.

Darwin—Voyage of a Naturalist.

Davis—A Friend of Caesar.

Davison—Practical Zoology.

Drummond—Greatest Thing in the World.

Dunn—Cicero in Maine.

Fernald—English Synonyms and Antonyms.

Gale—Friendship Village.

Hall—The Strength of Ten.

Irving—Alhambra (illus. by J. Pennell).

Jewett—Francis of Assissi.

Kipling—Day's Work.

Kipling—Puck of Pook's Hill.

Lang—Joan of Arc.

Macbean—Marjorie Fleming.

Madison—Dolly Madison, Memoirs and Letters.

Maeterlinck—The Blue Bird.

Meadowcroft—Thomas A. Edison.

Muir—Story of My Boyhood and Youth.

Norris—Mother.

Olcott—Field Book of the Stars.

Page—Burial of the Guns; and Other Stories.

Palmer—Alice Freeman Palmer.

Pancoast—Introduction to American Literature (2nd ed, rev.).

Paxson—Two Latin Plays for High School Students.

Perry—The Boy's Iliad.

Perry—The Boy's Odyssey.

———Progressive Lessons in Art Education.

Pepplier—Books and Men.

Riis—Hero Tales of the Far North.

Robbins—High School Debate Book.

Rolleston—Life of Lessing.

Starr—American Indians.

Stuart—Sonny.

Tarr & McMurry—World Geography.

Thwaites—Daniel Boone.

Van Dyke—Days Off.

Wilmot-Buxton—Stories of Persian Heroes.

Wilson—Story of the Cid.

A man saw his neighbor painting his house as he approached, he noticed that he was painting fast and furiously.

"What's you hurry, Pat?" he asked.

"Shure, an' I want to finish before me paint gives out," answered Pat.—Ex.

—:o:—

A divinity student named Fiddle,

Refused to receive his degree,

For he said, "'Tis enough to be Fiddle,

Without being Fiddle D. D."

—:o:—

Soph.—"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'I've flunked again.'"

—:o:—

Mule in the barn yard, lazy and slick,

Boy with a pin on the end of a stick;

Creeps up behind him still as a mouse—

Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

—Ex.



CENTRAL RESERVES VS. YPSI HIGH SATURDAY, OCT. 25.

The game was called at 1:00 o'clock sharp on the D. A. C. field which was sticky and muddy in front of the goal posts. A large crowd was there to witness the game. The teams were evenly matched on the defensive work, but Ypsilanti was handicapped on the offensive side. In the second quarter the Centrals made a touchdown but failed to kick goal. In the second half the time was shortened to eight minute quarters on account of the following game. In the last quarter Ypsi made longer gains than any other time but on account of the shortness of time were unable to score. The final score was 6 to 0 in favor of Detroit.

CENTRAL FRESHMEN VS. Y. H. S.

At 12:34 the Detroiters arrived but with the exception of their quarterback, who missed the car, and for this reason delayed the game an hour. The beginning of the game was a see-saw, neither team gaining very much but when Ypsi livened up more two touchdowns were made and one goal kicked. The final score was 13 to 0 in favor of Ypsi.

CHELSEA VS. Y. H. S.

This was one of the hardest games of the season, for Chelsea has great football material this year. Proctor won the toss and received the kick off. Ypsi made good gains until Dunn,

Chelsea's quarterback, got into the game and broke up the end runs.

This game unlike the games previous was made brighter by Heine's band consisting of about fifty men with musical instruments of all descriptions.

By sheer luck Chelsea made a touchdown on a forward pass in the first half and kicked goal. The second half well started showed Ypsi on the gain with the exception of Richards who on account of his ankle was unable to do his best. Chelsea made no long end runs in this part of the game for they were broken up by the terrific playing of Fullback Thayer.

In the last quarter on a fake play Dunn fought his way through the line and started for another touchdown in spite of the good interference after he left the line "Mauly" stopped him which saved a touchdown against Ypsi. The score stood 7 to 0 in favor of Chelsea.

NORMAL HIGH VS. YPSI HIGH

The last and best game of the season was played Friday, November 14, with the Normal High on the Normal field. The toss was won by Proctor and the high school kicked to the Normal. In the first two or three downs the Normals made very little then on the fourth down Langton who carried the ball was put out of the game on account of slugging. The first quarter the Normals made little with the exception of Erwin who on account of his

great ability in dodging and twisting carried the ball for the Normals.

In the second quarter the Normals advanced the ball to Ypsi's 5-yard line and on a fake forward pass Erwin made a touchdown and then they kicked goal which ended the first half. However Ypsilanti played better in the third quarter and made many long end runs, and finally a touchdown was made through the line by Thayer. Ypsi kicked goal and tied the score. Ypsi received the ball and advanced it to the Normals 30-yard line where it went over to the Normals on the fourth down.

Heine's band being present along with the support of the whole school cheered Ypsi up and aroused their spirits to a higher degree which set them to fighting harder to regain the pigskin. When this was gained it brought another (would be) touchdown for Ypsi but on account of Richards' holding the ball was brought back to its starting point and we were penalized 15 yards. The third quarter ended with Ypsi in possession of the ball on the 60-

yard line and fourth down.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter Ypsi was forced to punt. The ball was recovered by Mauly with a gain of 30 yards. The ball again was lost by Ypsi on the fourth down and Erwin made an end run of 30 yards. Ypsi playing better on defense gain the ball on their own 10-yard line and on account of a bad pass by Fetcher, the Normals gained two more points from a safety. The game ended with the score 7 to 9 in favor of the Normals.

YPSI RESERVES VS. PLYMOUTH

The Reserves with Grant as coach went to Plymouth to play their first outside game of the season. This was an entirely new thing to the players for they had never been away from home before to play football. Plymouth's husky farmers outweighed Ypsi enormously which was a good advantage in favor of Plymouth. The score was 13 to 0 in favor of Plymouth.

Enthusiastic Student

Don't tell me boys don't care a lot for higher education,

Don't tell me deeper studies they will slight.
For my boy's head for mathematics beats all calculation.

I even hear him in his sleep at night—

"8—4—16—3

9—6—2,

Right shift, formation B.

X—Y—Z.

Second down, three to gain,

Keep it up and give 'em Cain.

9—14—23,

X—Y—Z."

I ain't well up on Algebra, Geometry and such,

But I guess that's what's worrying his brain,
And sometimes I am afraid he's studying too much.

When I hear him murmuring o'er and o'er again—

"8—4—16—3

9—6—2,

Right shift, formation B.

X—Y—Z.

That's the way to break the line,

Keep it up—you're doing fine!

9—8—4, double 2;

P, D. Q."

A Living Death

Our janitor—we pity him.

As all good people must.

For every morn, the poor old man

Again returns to dust.—Ex.

—:o:—

When things go wrong

And you feel blue,

Don't let your courage fade.

Whenever a lemon is handed you,

Just make that lemon aid.—Ex.

—:o:—

Violets are blue,

Roses are red,

And so is the hue

Of E. Steven's head.

—:o:—

He was seated in the parlor,

And he said unto the light:

"Either you or I, old fellow,

Will be turned down tonight."

—:o:—

The Bluffs are steep and wide and high

That line St. Gothards pass;

But nothing like the awful bluffs

That "Beno" makes in class.



Miss Laird—"Mr. Gorton, recite 'Vergiszz meinnicht,' "

Fussy—"Es blüht ein Kleines Blumchen auf einer grünen,—er, that's all I know."

Miss L.—"Oh don't you know the next word? It rhymes with 'blau.'"

Fussy (as Freeman runs a pin into his back)—"Ow!"

Miss L.—"Ja, das ist recht."

—:o:—

Mr. Ross—"Mr. Davis, repeat Bayle's Law."

Bunk—"Why, er, why, ah, I guess I must have forgotten it."

Mr. Ross—"Forgotten it, eh Well, Mr. Davis, you are better fed than taught."

Bunk—"That right; you teach me, I feed myself."

—:o:—

Miss Rodgers (in Alg. II.)—"Miss Meanwell, what are the terms gratio?"

L. M.—"Consequents and decendants."

—:o:—

Hiss Horrigan—"You may now give me an example of the dative, Mr. Platt."

S. Platt—"I will meet you on the corner at eight o'clock."

—:o:—

Miss Rodgers (Gen. Science)—"How far up does air exist?"

M. Stein—"Clear up to heaven."

—:o:—

"Professor," said a Senior trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle" was the reply.

Neva G.—"Isn't it queer that whenever I sing my dog starts howling. Dogs are so sensitive."

Zip—"Yes, also very imitative."

—:o:—

Cocky—"They say there's no such thing as a whole day!"

Edith—"Of course not; for every day begins by breaking."

—:o:—

Tall alumnus (passionately)—"I press my suit on bended knee."

A. Cole—"Have you no iron board?"

—:o:—

Bob—"Do you know I asked Marie the other night if I could see her home?"

Lynn—"And what did she say?"

Bob—"She said, 'Certainly. Come around some day and have a good look at it.'"

—:o:—

Miss Horrigan—"Did you find your lesson hard?"

A. Thayer—"No, ma'am."

Miss H.—"Have you any questions you wish to ask about it?"

A. T.—"Yes, ma'am. What is it?"

—:o:—

Miss Roberts (beyond hearing)—"You may take these questions for tomorrow."

Freshman—"How much did you say we should take?"

Miss R.—"Half a teaspoonful every hour."

—:o:—

Mr. Ross—"Can you name something that will not freeze?"

W. Burton—"Yes, sir. Hot water."

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